

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

He Doesn't Believe in Ghosts but has Heard Remarkable Stories.

Atlanta Constitution.

"Old Mortality" was one of Walter Scott's most interesting characters. This long bearded, venerable man spent all the latter years of his life in going about from cemetery to cemetery in reclining, and marking the marble slabs that covered the graves of the dead. Not only that, but he cleaned them of the mould and stain and set them up square and level and did it out of respect for his dead kindred and friends. Nearly fifty years ago I visited Laurel Hill, the beautiful home of the dead of Philadelphia, and the first thing that greeted me at the entrance was a brown-stone statue of Old Mortality working on a weather-beaten marble slab. A little dried up, spectacled old gentleman with a pea-jacket coat on and the pockets filled with chisels and mallets and brushes and old rags. Maybe he is there yet. I don't know, but I thought of him the other day as I wandered through the silent city of the dead in Myrtle Hill at Rome, Ga. It has been about forty years since I helped to lay off that cemetery, and people have been moving there ever since and a good motto to place over the gate would be "For men may come and men may go, but I go on forever."

An old-time friend was with me, and I can't help but think of him as "Old Mortality," for he has been nursing and cherishing that graveyard for over thirty years and has made it a place of beauty and a joy forever. He has long since made reputation as an able lawyer and a learned judge, but I know that he never took as much interest or real pleasure in anything as in beautifying and adorning that lovely and romantic place. He has spent hundreds of dollars there out of his own pocket. His own lot, with its Italian marble monument to the memory of his wife, is a marvel of exquisite beauty. I saw where he had righted up and placed a new foundation under the monument of the wife of a far distant friend. Within the last year or two he has been to Macon and reformed and renewed the monuments that mark his parents' graves. He has been to Eatonton and worked on those of his brothers and sisters who died in the long ago, and has placed tombstones over the graves of his grand parents. He talked to me feelingly about some neglected graves of our friends who sleep in the old graveyard at Rome that nobody cares for and is well nigh abandoned. "When I get through with them," he said, "I shall feel satisfied and take a rest from this business and endeavor to be ready for my own funeral." If he is not Old Mortality now he will be if he lives long enough.

Well, I like that. We all like it; that is to say, all kind-hearted, reflective people. Some people are afraid of a graveyard, especially young people, who have a horror of death, but it is a foolish fear and wears off as we get older. When I was a youth at a country school there was a braggart sort of a boy named Baldwin who said he was afraid of ghosts. Jim Linton bet him a dollar that he wouldn't go down to the rocky field that night and out a sassafras bush that was near an old grave and bring it to the house. The money was put up. Just about dark Jim slipped around and hid behind a rockpile that was near the bushes that had grown around the grave. When Baldwin got there and was about to cut the sassafras Linton said solemnly in a deep bass voice, "Beware! that's my grave," and Baldwin ran home with Jim after him and like to have fainted at the door. When I was the little mill boy and had to pass a country graveyard on the way and happened to be late in getting my grist from the miller it was a strain on my youthful courage to go slow by the sacred mysterious place. But go fast you can't on an old sway-back mare with a bag of meal under you. For three or four years I was on the lookout for a ghost in the twilight, but I never saw one and I reckon it helped me later on, for my wife lived near the village graveyard and when I was courting her and kneeling at her shrine I had to pass near it every night or two and it was a test of my love and my devotion, for neither rain nor darkness intimidated me, which proves that love is stronger than fear. Some moonlight nights when I was a little premature I have walked inside of that time-honored place and sat upon the tombstones and perused the epitaphs and the epitaffy, for it is a redeeming trait in our humanity to speak well of the dead, especially upon their tombs.

Don't believe in visible ghosts, but some strange things have happened since the Witch of Endor called up the ghost of Samuel. One night in Florida a number of us were giving in our experience when my old college friend, McKay, took his turn. He is too old to prevaricate or exaggerate. He traveled in Europe with his wife and educated his children there, and

for eight years lived in Italy or in the cities along the Mediterranean, staying sometimes several months in one place. On arriving at Dresden he sought for a pleasant house to rent and found one on a hill in the suburbs, a large, massive, rock-built mansion of the olden time. He and his wife and daughter were pleased with the place and rented two rooms. The rooms were high and large and had a heavy cornice about four feet below the ceiling. On this cornice and just over the mantel was a portrait of a man. It was an old oil painting and the massive frame was fastened to a hook in the ceiling. There was a piano in the front room and a set of fine old-fashioned furniture. The landlady was a sad featured old woman. The first night of their domicile Mr. McKay and his wife and daughter sat up quite late and the piano was tried and found to be in perfect order. When they retired the lamp was shaded and left dimly burning. About midnight there was a racket up about that portrait and it was seen to break loose from the ceiling and turn over edge-ways along the cornice to the corner of the room and then came down with a crash. Why gravity didn't make it fall down by the mantel was a mystery. Next morning a servant came and removed the portrait. Next night after they had retired a heavy screen that was between the bed and the window galloped around to the foot of the bed and fell with a crash. The landlady came in the morning and removed it and said but little in explanation. She seemed troubled. The next night, Miss McKay, who was gifted in music, played till quite late and after she had closed the piano and joined in the conversation with her parents there was an awful crash in the piano behind them. It sounded like everything had been violently broken by blows from heavy bludgeons and the blows were several times repeated and with crushing force. For some minutes Mr. McKay and his wife and daughter looked and wondered and said nothing. Then he got up and approached the piano and inspected it closely. Then he ventured to open it and found every string and every key in order. The next night about midnight there was a pitiful wail of a child crying in the room. The lamp was turned up and a search for the child was made. Sometimes it was in one corner, then in another, then up on the cornice and then out in the hall and away off, but its cry was distressing, as though in great anguish. The landlady was rung for and came and when asked about the child said there was no child in the house, nor did her neighbor have any children. "Madam, did you ever hear the crying of a child in this room before?" She said she had, but it was a long time ago, and he learned from her that during the war with Napoleon the inmates of the house were all murdered for harboring some traitors. The man whose portrait fell and his wife and son and a little child. She thought that maybe the haunts had left the house by this time or she would not have rented it.

"Now," said my friend, "this all happened just as I tell you and my little wife will say to you that I have not exaggerated it." We looked at the little woman and she said "it was just that way." Of course they moved the next day.

Do I believe it? Yes, I believe Mr. and Mrs. McKay; more than that my mind is not satisfied.

BILL ARP.

Whiskey by Wagon.

CHESTER, S. C., Oct. 6.—Early this morning a two-horse wagon load of whiskey in bottles packed in sawdust arrived in town. The agent, Mr. D. J. McCarter, rented a vacant store room on Wall street and opened his establishment as agent for A. C. McCarter, manufacturer and distiller of Kings Mountain, N. C. There are several more wagon loads on the road, which will arrive in a day or so. Much speculation is indulged in as to the outcome of these original package stores—whether they are protected by Judge Simonton's injunction or not.—Columbia Register.

—Do good constantly, patiently and wisely, and you will never have cause to say that life was not worth living.

—I can't see how any family lives without Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," says J. R. Adams, a well known druggist, of Geneva, Ala., in a letter inquiring the price of a dozen bottles, that he might not only have it for use in his own family, but supply it to his neighbors. The reason some people get along without it, is because they do not know its value, and what a vast amount of suffering it will save. Wherever it becomes known and used it is recognized as a necessity, for it is the only remedy that can always be depended upon for bowel complaints, both for children and adults. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

Room for Settlers.

Columbia State.

In South Carolina there are a great many tracts of land suitable for the settlement of colonies of people from the crowded north and from the west. They are now undeveloped and in their virgin state. Many of these lands are capable of a high state of cultivation and it only requires the people to settle upon them to increase the taxable property and general prosperity of the State to a large extent. In recent years practically nothing has been done in the line of acquainting people in other parts of the country with what this State has to offer in the way of good lands for settlers. There is absolutely no information in readable form that can be mailed to those who are constantly making inquiries. So far Pickens county is the only one in the State that has issued anything of this nature.

Col. James G. Gibbs, the State land agent, talked most interestingly yesterday about the matter of inducing settlers to come to South Carolina, particularly from the west and north-west. He said it was one that should receive immediate attention. Sister States are losing no time in establishing colonies. He says that the State has large tracts of lands available for rapid development that can be secured as cheaply as any in the south.

Colonel Gibbs said yesterday that he was thinking of arranging for a big sale of such lands in December or January, if private parties, owning large tracts that they desire to sell will co-operate with him. His idea is to get up brief descriptions of all tracts, State and private, and have them printed for distribution, have the sale advertised freely in northern, western and northwestern newspapers and get the railroads to offer home-seekers' excursion rates good for a certain period at very low rates. This has been the plan worked successfully in several States and excellent results have followed.

Colonel Gibbs requests all parties in the State who have tracts they would like to offer at such a sale as that outlined to correspond with him at once.

The following letter from the register of the United States land office at Los Angeles, Cal., received yesterday, Colonel Gibbs says is a sample of the letters he daily receives from every part of the country:

United States Land Office,
Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 30, 1897.
To the Honorable Secretary of State,
Columbia, S. C.

Dear Sir: After the expiration of my term of office (February next) I expect to visit your State with a view to selecting a location for a permanent home.

I wish to locate in a healthy part of the State, in a live town (county seat preferred) where my family can have the advantage of schools, churches, etc., and I am anxious of securing employment, clerking, bookkeeping or other work, while I am bringing into profitable cultivation a farm which I would wish to purchase near said town.

Said farm to consist of about 300 acres, about half cleared, ready for general farming or fruit growing; the balance to be heavily timbered with oak, hickory, gum, beech, walnut, magnolia, etc., the whole to be well watered with running streams or springs, but not subject to destructive overflow.

Wishing to learn if such place can be had in your State, and being anxious to be posted as well as possible before making the trip, would respectfully ask that you please give me such information as you can regarding the general character of the State, as to its topography, climate, healthfulness, rainfall, soil, timber, fruits, farm products, dairy interests, stock raising, etc.; also kind of nut, fruit, berry and most bearing trees, shrubs or vines found growing wild, and kinds of game and fish to be found.

Is there much uncultivated land, timbered or otherwise, and what is the price of lands, improved and unimproved?

Any information you may give me by maps, pamphlets or otherwise will be greatly appreciated by

Very truly yours,
T. J. BOLTON

—"Tommy," said a father to his first-born, "have you been at those six apples I put in the cupboard?" "Father," said Tommy, looking into his eyes, "I have not touched one." "Then how is it that your mother found five apple cores in your bedroom, and there is only one left on the plate?" "That," said Tommy, as he dashed wildly for the door, "is the one I didn't touch."

—It is the struggle to keep up appearances that keeps a great many people down.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chillsblisters, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

Carolina High Rollers.

A wayfarer in South Carolina had stopped for the night at a rural hotel, where the company was considerably better than the table, says the Washington Star. It was an interesting and picturesque assemblage that discussed local topics, and the traveler regretted their adjournment for a friendly game. The two or three who did not play soon dispersed and left him to his own thoughts. In despair of finding further entertainment, he went to the landlord's desk and asked for his key.

"Isn't my room ready?" "Yes, I sent up to have it fixed as soon as you registered. But, you see, that's the room in which the gentlemen generally play poker, and I forgot to tell them it was to be occupied, so they've probably gone ahead with the game, as usual. It won't take long, though, for them to move into another room, and I'll go up myself and notify them."

"Couldn't you give me another room, so as not to disturb them?" "Not with furniture in it. All the gentlemen need is some chairs and a table, and there are plenty of vacant rooms where they can make themselves just as comfortable as they are now."

"Do you think they would let me come into the game if you introduced me?" inquired the lonely guest.

"I haven't a doubt of it." "I'm not at all sleepy, and I believe I'd rather have their company than their room."

"I don't know as you'd exactly enjoy the kind of game they play," the landlord suggested, as they reached the head of the stairs.

"I'm used to a great many kinds," was the confident answer. "I guess I can hold my own."

As they approached the room they heard the sound of voices through the open transom.

"I'll bet a thousand," said a player. "And I'll raise it five thousand," came the reply in cool, determined tones.

The traveler cast an apprehensive look on the landlord and exclaimed: "Does he mean 'dollars'?"

"Certainly," replied the landlord. As they entered the room a man with a gingham shirt and black felt hat was saying:

"I see your \$10,000 and call you. What have you got?"

"A pair of sevens," was the reply. "It's no good. I have a pair of tens."

The traveling man turned to his host, and in a hoarse voice said: "He didn't bet all that money on a pair of tens, did he?"

"Of course, he did. That isn't anything." Then turning to the party he said:

"Gentlemen, let me introduce Mr. Sampleson. He's a particular friend of mine and being somewhat lonely thought he'd like to join in the game. And I made so free as to tell him I didn't think you would have any objections."

"Certainly not," said the man who had just won, moving his chair to make room. "Sit down and make yourself at home."

"I'm a little bit afraid I haven't money enough about me to stay in the game long," he remarked gloomily.

"Oh, never mind about that. We furnish the money. This is a gentleman's game, and we don't take any chances on anybody's departing with hard feelings toward anybody else. We found that there was a great deal of the money issued by the Confederate States in this part of the country and as nobody wanted it we gathered it up and keep it here for this purpose. Jake," he added, calling to the man opposite him at the table, "just you reach over into the bottom drawer of that bureau and give the gentleman a couple of hundred thousand dollars to start with."

Among the Flowers.

A young gentleman, whose gallantry was largely in excess of his pecuniary means, sought to remedy this defect and save the money required for the purchase of expensive flowers by arranging with a gardener to let him have a bouquet from time to time in return for his cast-off clothes.

It thus happened one day that he received a bunch of the most beautiful roses, which he at once sent off to his lady love. In sure anticipation of a friendly welcome he called at the house of the lady the same evening, and was not a little surprised at the frosty reception he met with.

"You sent me a note to-day," the young lady remarked, after a pause, in the most frigid tones.

"I—a note?" he inquired in blank astonishment.

"Certainly, along with a nosegay."

"To be sure I sent you a nosegay."

"And there was a note inside—do you still mean to deny it?"

With these words she handed the dumbfounded swain a scrap of paper, on which the following words were written: "Don't forget the old trousers you promised me the other day."

—Tit-Bits.

—Prosperity must be cultivated. It will not grow on the same farm where poverty is cultivated.

IF YOU SEE IT IN THE MOON,

No Matter What It Is, You Will Have Some Sort of Luck.

"If you see the new moon over your right shoulder, it's good luck all the month," over the left shoulder being bad luck, of course. "If you meet the new moon face to face with money in your pocket, you will have that kind of money in your pocket for a month," and so on, this last being taken from an old black letter treatise on "things worth knowing." Everywhere in the world the idea prevails among those who lack scientific training that anything falling to the lot of man when the moon is waxing will likewise increase, similarly decreasing while the moon wanes. The Hindoo troubled with warts looks at the new moon, picks up a pinch of dust from beneath his left foot, rubs the wart with it, and, when the moon goes, so does the wart. If you fall ill, you can be cured by herbs gathered in the full of the moon.

The Moslems in the kingdom of Oudh cure insomnia, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration and similar evils by stationing the sufferer with a basin of water in his hands in the light of the full moon in such a way that its refulgent image shines directly from the liquid into his eyes. Then, without moving his gaze, he is required to swallow the water at a draft.

In northern India the people lay out food in the full moon that comes in the months corresponding to our September and October, half of each, and give it to their friends as a means of insuring longevity. That same night the girls pour water in the moonlight, saying they are getting rid of the cold weather.

It was long ago noted that the Yorkshire maids "do worship the new moon on their bare knees, kneeling upon an earth fast stone," and Lady Wilde says that the Irish damsels drop on their knees when they first catch sight of the new moon and say, "Oh, moon, leave us as well as you found us!" In India the natives take seven threads from the end of their turbans and give them to the new moon, with a prayer.

The spots on the moon are caused by many persons or things. Sometimes it is a man with a fagot on his back, sent thither for picking up sticks on the Sabbath. Chaucer calls him a thief and puts a thorn bush on his shoulders. Dante says it is no less a criminal than Cain. Shakespeare provides a dog to keep him company. Hindoos keep not a man, but a hare, in the moon, and the well known connection in the minds of the man of the moon and insanity may account for the statement regarding the March hare, and possibly the thorn bush may be the distinctive covering of the latter.

At any rate, this is as good guessing as a lot of the sun myth people have done, while Baring-Gould identifies the moon children, Bill and Hiuki of the northern mythology, with Jack and Gill of the nursery rhyme. The Greenland Eskimo believes that the sun and moon were originally brother and sister. She, being teased by him past ordinary endurance, seized some lampblack and rubbed it on his face. Then she ran, her brother after. Finally she went so fast she rose up into the air and became the sun, while her sooty faced brother turned into the moon. In Samoa when a great famine oppressed the people the moon rose one night, big and round, like a bread fruit. A patient mother, unable to quiet the pangs of her little one, looked up and said, "Why don't you come down and let my baby have a bite of you?" This made the moon so angry that she simply picked up both mother and child, and they have been there ever since.

All sailors are certain that sleeping in tropical moon rays will either make them cross eyed or blind. On the American vessel El Capitan a year or two ago a number of the crew, disregarding the advice of their fellows during a spell of hot weather, slept on the deck in the moonlight, and soon after went completely blind at night, though they could see as well in the daytime as ever. The skipper of the ship reported the occurrence, and with it made a statement to the effect that up to that time he had been a disbeliever in the so called moon blink. Paul Eve Stevenson reports that he, too, was hurriedly awakened on his way to New York from the Bahamas with the assurance from the captain that all sorts of things would happen to him if he slept in moonlight. This is a disease unknown to medicine.—Chicago Times-Herald.

How He Won Her.

Miss Charming—Don't you think I was meant for a business woman? Jack Hustler—No, I don't. I think you were meant for a business man.—Brooklyn Life.

The Locality.

"Are you in pain, my little man?" asked the kind old gentleman. "No," answered the boy. "The pain's in me"—Indianapolis Journal.

—Every drunkard's wife knows that there is a devil.

—A cheerful idiot in Baltimore has driven eight men insane by asking them to repeat rather quickly this sentence: "A noisy noise annoys an oyster."

—Cuba is divided into six provinces, and contains twenty-two cities and towns and 204 villages. The capital is Havana, which has a population of 250,000.

LET'S HAVE SOME FUN!

We propose to give away absolutely for no thing, the following Presents on 15th Janu ary, 1898:

Present No. 1, one barrel Standard Granulated Sugar.
Present No. 2, one barrel Best Patent Flour.
Present No. 3, ten pounds fine Rio Coffee.
Present No. 4, ten pound box good Chewing Tobacco.
Present No. 5, one pair Men's Fine Shoes.
Present No. 6, one pair Ladies' Fine Shoes.
Present No. 7, one Fine Decorated Bowl and Pitcher.
Present No. 8, one Set Fine Decorated Plates.
Present No. 9, one Fine Decorated (covered) Dish.
Present No. 10, one Set of Fine Cups and Saucers.

The person who guesses, or comes nearest to the number of Bales of Cotton received and weighed by the Sworn Weighers in Anderson from Sept. 1st, 1897, to Jan. 14th, 1898 (inclusive), will receive Present No. 1, and the next nearest guess, Present No. 2, and so on through the list. Every one who trades with us will be entitled to a guess for each dollar's worth of cash goods purchased from us between now and 31st Dec. next; guesses to be made and dated on day purchase is made; in case of a tie, the guess bearing earliest date to count first. Guesses to be deposited in a locked tin box; Mr. J. B. Vandiver, Cashier F. & M. Bank, will hold key until 15th Jan., when he and Mr. W. T. W. Harrison (cotton weigher), will award the presents to the best guessers.

We will not add one cent to the price of our Goods, but will sell you Goods as cheap as you can buy elsewhere, and somebody will get the presents that we will give away for absolutely nothing. If you get one, it will be a clear gain to you. If we don't sell you Goods cheap, don't buy them. This is the most liberal offer ever made by a merchant in Anderson, as we propose to give you value received for every dollar spent with us. Guess early and often!

D. P. SLOAN.

Anderson, S. C., Sept. 29, 1897.

STOVES.....STOVES.....STOVES!

Michigan Stoves,
Capitola Stoves,
Heating Stoves,

Times Stoves,
Garland Stoves,
Large Stoves,

Small Stoves,

In fact, the BEST and CHEAPEST STOVES are on exhibition and for sale by the NEW FIRM OF—

OSBORNE & CLINKSCALES,
B. O. EVANS' OLD STAND.

They are making quite a reputation now by selling—
Croceryware, Glassware, Woodenware, &c.,
AT SUCH LOW PRICES.

Remember, they have the only TINNER in Town with eighteen years experience, and who can make anything in his line. Just let him do one job of ROOFING and GUTTERING for you and you will have no other.

P. S.—All Notes and Accounts due Archer & Osborne are now payable to us. OSBORNE & CLINKSCALES.

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I have the Largest Stock in Upper Carolina.
One Show Case seven feet long filled with nothing but.....

GOLD, SILVER AND NICKEL WATCHES.

At Prices that will make you buy.

If you want a Watch I am the man to sell you, and will save you money every time. I guarantee every Watch I sell to give entire satisfaction. A beautiful line of—

Gold Rings, Silverware, Clocks, Jewelry, &c.

The prettiest line of LADIES' WAIST SETS in the City.

Promptness in everything. ENGRAVING FREE.

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\$9.00 WILL BUY AS
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STOVES AND FRUIT JARS

BY THE CAR LOAD.

One Quart Fruit Jars 80c. per dozen.

Two Quart Fruit Jars 80c. per dozen.

I AM now running two wagons selling STOVES and STEEL RANGES. I can sell you a Steel Range at about one-half the price they have been sold at before, and the Range is guaranteed by the manufacturer's bond, counter-signed by me. If you need a Stove drop me a postal card and I will deliver it in your back-room for cash, or on time for good Note until Fall. I continue to handle the old reliable IRON KING and ELKO STOVES. Nothing much need be said about them, as they are already so well known for their durability and quick baking, etc. Now is the time to buy, as I have the Goods on the floor and cannot afford to carry them in stock. I am leader this year in prices on FRUIT JARS, JELLY GLASSES, &c. Solidifying your patronage.

JOHN T. BURRIS.

VALUABLE LAND FOR SALE.

THE Valuable Plantation known as "The Provost Place," situated four miles west Anderson, contains 877 acres; has been surveyed and subdivided into small tracts, and we now offer it for sale on easy terms to approved purchasers. Purchaser to pay for papers.

TRACT NO. 1.—Sold.
TRACT NO. 2.—Known as the Ocean Bluffs Tract, contains 125 acres.
TRACT NO. 3.—Known as the Mill Tract, contains 102 acres.
TRACT NO. 4.—Adjoining Tract No. 1 and lands of Est. of Rev. Thos. F. Gadsden E. W. Taylor and others, and contains 184 acres.

TRACT NO. 5.—Sold.
TRACT NO. 6.—Sold.
TRACT NO. 7.—Sold.
TRACT NO. 8.—Sold.
Each Tract contains a sufficient amount of wood and bottom land, and all are well watered.

Plans may be seen by applying to Mr. J. D. Richardson at the Plantation or at the Farmers and Merchants Bank.

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